

COALITION,  
A  
FARCE;

FOUNDED ON FACTS, and lately PERFORMED,

With the Approbation, and under the joint Inspection

OF THE  
MANAGERS,  
OF BOTH  
THEATRES.

*In these times of similizing things,  
Stages are Worlds, and Managers are Kings.*

ANON.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

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*Dramatis Personæ.*

Brainsley, Senior.

Brainsley, Junior,

Harrafs.

Tickler.

Lyric, a Pragmatic Poet.

Servants, Bailiffs, &c.

Mrs. Brainsley.

Scene lies in London.

L O N D O N:

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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]





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## To the P U B L I C,

**A**S the wise policy of all well regulated states, has given encouragement and protection to theatres; which (to adopt the language of the English Law) have been established for the salutary purposes, of propagating morality, inspiring sentiments of honor, infusing the spirit of courage, and improving the manners of the people; it follows that theatrical innovation, is matter worthy the attention of the public, who are the natural guardians and protectors, both of the theatre and performers. Next to the liberty of the press, the liberty of the stage claims public regard; they are both the children of the muses, and so nearly related, that one cannot be wounded, but the other must suffer. They are vehicles, which by a perverted direction, are capable of injuring the privileges of the subject, and vitiating the minds of the people, by disseminating impolitic, and immoral doctrines, as well as they are mediums, through which the principles of freedom may be propagated, and honest truths held out to public view. The spirit of this constitution will not admit the exercise of either tyranny or

monopoly; the common law pays no respect to persons, it, as impartial as heaven from which it sprung, and like the sun and dew, was ordained for the safety and happiness of men in every rank, and under every description. This benign law, has not overlooked theatres, nor actors; there are judgments upon record, that evince the protection they have received from the law, when interest or malice, have stimulated power, or incendiaries to oppress them. In this country the stage can never be ruined but by the legislature. But it may suffer temporary disorders, from the sordidness or inattention of those who claim a private property in the theatres, whereby the public will lose for a time, the benefit of that instruction for which the stage was originally instituted, unless they interfere, and exert their power as its guardians. Managers of theatres hold their patents as judges do their commissions, *during good behaviour*, and the voice of the people can remove either. Patents may be forfeited, as well as commissions, for malpractice or neglect in office. The performers who compose the companies, (or rather now the company) of the two theatres-royal, are a large and respectable body, and as such the public, of whom they are a part, are interested in their welfare. They are a corps of men, whose utility to the common wealth has not as yet been properly taken into consideration; tho' a subject deserving



serving the most serious attention, and which merits the labor of an able pen. If reduced to poverty, they become the most indigent of the indigent, "work they cannot, and to beg they are ashamed." They fall a weight upon that society, to which, while independant, they were a means of producing infinite benefit. The poets lecture, heightened, and drawn into life, by the players powers of action, elocution, and fiction of characters, sink morality home into the heart, and send conviction of error to the mind, with a force in which all other modes of instruction are deficient. The stage goes hand in hand with every other art and science, and in conjunction with them, has acted as an auxiliary to check and mitigate the influence of tyranny, teaching humanity, love of moral excellency, and every other softer virtue. It is evident then, that the tendency of the stage is, to inform, and improve; and as every part of human knowledge derives its value from its moral tendency, the prosperity of the stage, and acquisition of a good player, should be considered as matters intrinsically valuable by every people, who wish to improve their understandings, and divest themselves of the habits of vice and ignorance. A good player, when acting as the organ of a good writer, instructs us to think right, and as action follows opinion,

we

we must learn to think right, before we can conduct ourselves with propriety.

That a conspiracy has been formed against the independence of the stage and performers, cannot be denied; no more than the baseness of the intention can be palliated. Some have had their salaries reduced, and those who are under articles for a time, have no better treatment to expect, when the term of their agreements expire. To oppress the performers, by reducing their salaries, for the purpose of pocketing the profits arising from that reduction, is the great point that the present managerial despots have in view; and the players have no redress but what must come from the public: The common law which intitled them to set up an opposition, having been coerced by an act of parliament. If refused bread in one theatre, the door of the other is shut against them, and they must either starve or comply with the managers terms. Writers of dramatic pieces and of music, are in the same predicament. A total monopoly has taken place, every piece produced this season, has been received under the influence of either fear or interest, while the most contemptuous inattention has been paid to unsupported merit. The managers are become inaccessible, and the ceremony of introduction is as difficult to pass as if they were Turkish bashaws. But the



the mortification of the ceremony is trifling to that which follows; if fear, or interest, do not operate in his favor, the person introduced is certain to experience every species of supercilious contempt, trifling insult, contumely and neglect from the managers and their servants: treatment to which a liberal mind, a scholar, or a gentleman, cannot submit. Players have ever found the public generous in their cause; and benevolence will not be withheld at this (to them) alarming crisis. Humanity forbids it; favors received demand a return of gratitude. They who have cheered the melancholy and desponding spirit; who have soothed the lover's grief; warmed the frigid bosom, and kindled the patriot's fire, will not be neglected in the moment of necessity! No!—benignity is the characteristic of the public; and the living, “the abstract and brief chronicles of the times,” will not be suffered to moulder into decay.

The facts set forth in this farce are truths, and such facts are, “damning proofs:” impartial judgment—is all that is aimed at, but if conviction results from that judgment, no doubt, execution will follow. The managers may say the play-house are *our property*: we have purchased them, we can transfer them. True!—But this property is qualified, by an implied trust, that ma-  
nagers

nagers shall act as faithful servants to the public, a duty which no patent can supercede, a duty which if neglected their patents become forfeit. These unarranged thoughts are humbly submitted to the public by a wretched emblem of life, "a walking shadow, who *did* vainly strut his time upon the stage, but now is heard no more.

### " A POOR PLAYER."



# COALITION.

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## ACT FIRST.

SCENE. Mr. BRAINSLEY's, Jun.

Mr. and Mrs. Brainfley discovered at Breakfast.

BRAINSLEY, Jun.

**J**OH N, you will find a parcel of letters on my study table, burn them, John, burn them. (*Exit Servant.*) I wish the writers could be dispatch'd with the same ease. They are from, fellows, my dear, who title themselves authors. A *furor* for writing seems to have seized half the kingdom. It has infected every profession. Divines, Barristers, Civilians, even Attorneys are contaminated; and the disorder of the *cachoëthes scribendi* is now as prevalent, as in the time of Pope, Swift, *my grand-father*, Addison, Congreve, Whycherly, Parnel, and other exalted geniuses, who composed the Augustan age of England.

B

Mrs.

Mrs. B R A I N S L E Y.

And you, my dear, like Pope, will meet with many literary enemies. The Grubstreet tribe, blow upon a rising genius like flies upon sugar. But you are a refinement upon Congreve, his *quintessence*, that is, you have all his spirit, without the dross of his indecency.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Yes, my dear, I am possessed of his spirit—bound in calf, four volumes octavo. (*aside.*) But as I never intend to publish my works, I disappoint the malice of those critics who make you uneasy. The rascals dissected my poor *Rivals* without mercy, and *maltrated* my mother's piece with gothic barbarity; altho' she wrote it in the nursery, sitting like Charity surrounded by her children. Had I published my Scheming Lieutenant, they would have amputated whole limbs. And, as for my Duenna, not a muscle, or nerve, in it but they would have separated, and given to different authors. They would have plucked out every feather, till it became as bare as the Jay in the fable, and have left my copy reduced to a meer *carte blanche*.

Mrs. B R A I N S L E Y.

Your observations are just. The Irish counfel, when the managers of Covent-Garden





den sued the managers of Dublin, advanced that your Duenna was no *piece*, but a collection of *pieces* patched together, which they compared to a *botch potch* in law; called you a *literary* Taylor, who had formed a Merry Andrew's coat from the shreds and clippings of other mens garments—That you had a *literary shop board*, and a *literary* hell; where you deposited *literary* cabbage, purloined from other Mens *literary* property: Nay, one fellow insolently asserted, that *your* Duenna is only a revised and altered piece, originally drawn by a student of Dublin University, and that *he* stole the most striking incidents from an old Irish pantomime.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Zounds, my dear, you have grated my ears, and irritated my nerves with this damned story a dozen times. Let me hear no more of it.

Mrs. B R A I N S L E Y.

Nay do not be offended, my love, your *Comedy* has established your character as a dramatic writer. There *Congreve* shines *evidently conspicuous*. Tho' you have *screened* him in more places than one. That comedy is the criterion of your genius, which soars above the pedantic laws of Schoolmen, and has obtained a *favourable* judgment from the

Critical Reviewers, tho' they never read it. Then *Charles* is so fine a likeness, so excellent a portrait of yourself, that I can not but doat upon the character.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

And the lovely Maria, is a duplicate of you, my dear love (*bows.*)

*Enter* H A R R A S S.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Dear Harrafs, welcome! What says Dulcet? What says the Doctor of sonorous sounds? The professor of antidotes for curing the Tarantula's sting.

H A R R A S S.

Why the fellow is raising every thing as well as his stool in the Orchestra. He has raised another hundred upon us.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Damn the cat-gut scraper! His insolence has become insupportable since he obtained his *diploma* at Oxford. At Leyden a man may purchase a doctor's degree for his horse, but the Oxonians out-do the Leydeners, and make doctors of Asses. I knew the fellow wanted sense, but always suspected he had much cunning. Why he is cunning Isaac—  
cunning Isaac.—

Mrs,



Mrs. B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Tell me, my dear, tell me now, what has the poor doctor done?

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

You must know, my love, it was necessary to our monopolizing the three theatres, that the partners should be previously purchased out: in consequence of which, my friend Harrafs and I went to Dulcet, about the purchase of his share: He had the conscience to ask twelve hundred pounds a year, on our first application; which we refused; but his conscience has extended, and his demands have encreased in regular progeffion of hundreds for seven succeeding days, and he now insists upon the enormous sum of 1900l. per annum, exclusive of 400l. a season, which he demands for leading the band. Zounds and the devil, this is fiddling a man out of his money with a vengeance! Yet we must close with him immediately, or he will raise *ad infinitum* and frustrate all our schemes.—But how goes on the English operas?

H A R R A S S.

I have concluded with Crotchet, who promises to furnish *words*, and music, by wholesale—but will not engage for *plot*. Let us exclude your Arnes, and Carters, and Crochet shall

shall be the sole composer for the Garden, and your family, madam, (*bows to Mrs. Brainsley*) may monopolize the music of Drury. But to the point. Crotchet has already translated two musical preludes; two after pieces; and a *speaking* pantomime.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Beg pardon for interrupting you. You must know, I have a notion of applying for two exclusive patents—One to invest in *myself* the sole right of producing theatrical pieces, and the other to exclude all persons from composing but *by our* licence.

H A R R A S S.

There is no occasion for such patents while *we* manage the theatres; our judgments are arbitrary as to what pieces or music shall be performed on the stage, and interest alone must guide us. But to Crotchet; Authors, like children, always reserve the best bit for the last: so Crotchet, has shewn me the *Finale* of his last piece, and a delicious morsel of poetry it is—(*reads.*)

*Sound* drums, *sound* cannons, trumpets  
*sound,*

Proclaim with *cheerful clangor*;

Britannia roused, and nations round

Shall dread her noble *anger*.

Gentle in peace as *doves* in Venus' car,

But terrible as thundering Jove in war.

BRAINSLEY.



B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Execrable! Damnable! Abominable stuff! Why, I should take it for a versification of some speech, in Crononhotonthologos, Tom Thumb, Buthred, the British Freeholder, or Law of Lombady. To use a metaphor, there are bulls roaring in every line of it. Cannons are instruments of death, therefore their roar or *sound* (as master Crotchet calls it) cannot be chearful. Milton imputes their invention to the devil, but whether *monk* or devil invented them, they cannot be chearful. Then *clangor* and *anger*, is an attempt at rhyme that would disgrace Sternhold and Hopkins, copartners in versification. But Master Crotchet should have considered he wrote for the *stage* not the church, for the ears of a critical audience, not a dull congregation: Again "noble anger." *Anger* cannot be *noble*. There may be noble *resentment*, but anger is an evidence of weakness and passion. Then again "Britannia gentle as *doves* in Venus' car." *Britannia* an individual! gentle as *doves*! This is certainly intended as a satire upon some of our commanders. "In Venus' car," is another touch at politics insinuating that Britannia is yoked. Perhaps he had the Scotch union in view, when England was yoked with Caledonia, or *to* Caledonia, who has kept the whip-hand of her ever since.

Mrs.

Mrs. BRAINSLEY.

Nay, my dear, you are too severe.

BRAINSLEY, Jun.

Severe! I am but just, and yet, if the fellow was present he would not acknowledge his errors. We may say of Crotchet and other dull authors, as Montesquieu says of the Muscovites—"You must flay them to make them feel." They will risque repeated damnations, rather than throw aside their pen. Crotchet must study the poets. He must read Homer as I have done——*in English*. There is Ogilby, Pope, Addison's translation of the first book (imputed to my Friend Tickler's grand-father) and the English translation of Madam Dacier's French translation, let him read them. His poetry is the worst I ever perused.

HARRASS.

Except little Isaac's description of a wife (*aside*)

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A gentleman, Sir, who calls himself Lyric, and says you appointed to meet him this morning, *waits in the hall*. Are you at home, Sir? This is the nineteenth time he has called.

BRAINSLEY, Jun.

Troublesome fellow! Yes I am at home,  
shew



shew him up. (*Exit Servant*) He has left a piece with me which I have never looked into. Nor will I, the fellow is so importunate. It is among some of these in the lumber-drawer. Let me see; I hope it is not the piece the dog tore. Here are four of them, and curse me if I know which of them is Mr. Lyric's. Retire, my dear; Poets are so poor and shabby, I cannot bear you to look at them. Besides, I wou'd have you finish the *touchings* of the first act of Affectation as soon as possible. (*aside.*)

H A R R A S S.

I will attend you, madam.

Mrs. B R A I N S L E Y.

*Alons.* (*Exeunt Mrs. Brain. & Har.*)

Enter L Y R I C.

Mr. Lyric, your most humble, and obedient. I have perused your piece with great pleasure and satisfaction. Your antithesis are admirable, your climax elevated, and your hyperbole easy and exalted. You have an excellent knack, Mr. Lyric, at rounding a period, and a warm imagination for description. (*Lyric bowing*) Upon the whole, Sir, I think your *drama*, with a little alteration, is an excellent sketch (for it wants heightening) of an excellent—a, a, a, a tragedy.

C

LYRIC.

L Y R I C.

Tragedy, fir!

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

O, opera, I mean!

L Y R I C.

Sir, I never wrote an opera.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Bless me, what am I thinking on! I meant your excellent comedy. But I am apprehensive it contains too extensive latitude of *wit*, for the *reigning taste* of the town. Then it is so highly favoured with attic salt. Besides there is certainly a deficiency of incident and situation, and experience must inform you, that without these auxiliaries, the genius of Sophocles, Euripides, Eschylus or Terence would fail upon the *English* stage. Your allusions, fir, are too many and too plain for the delicate ear of the times.

L Y R I C.

It is true, fir, the town have adopted an unaccountable taste. While every species of debauchery and dissipation, are publicly countenanced and practiced by all ranks; the most trifling licence, or levity in a modern author, is reprobated. They can look upon, and  
act



act in private life what they will not permit to be touched upon in fiction—in a new piece. And what is still more unaccountable, they listen patiently and with satisfaction to the obscenity of the last age, yet hiss the *entendres* of a novel writer. Swift observes, that those people who have the most delicate stomachs, possess the most filthy ideas, and his opinion, by analogy, goes strongly to the present judgment of the public. Your squeemish critics have in general the grossest appetites. They impute meanings to expressions, which the poet never thought of, and by the influence of their passions create similitudes that never existed but in their own libidinous conceptions.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Your observation is just, Mr. Lyric, or, *my father's* Æsop would never have been damned for saying “he eat till he spewed,” and “he would rather kiss his bitch than his wife.” Now these phrases, tho’ indelicate in the abstract, are by no means censureable when spoken in *character*. I approved of the piece, and am surprized at the stupidity of the *town* in damning it.

L Y R I C.

I request, sir, you may point out what alterations you think necessary to be made in my comedy.

C 2

BRAIN-

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

I think, fir, that besides the deficiency of incident, which cannot be dispensed with, your comedy is deficient in the embellishments of figure, metaphor and simile. You see how happy doctor Plagiary has been, in *his* Lady of the Manor. (*written by Vanburgh.*) No man is more happy in the desultory stile than the doctor. He has skipped from art to art, from science to science in search of simile. To use a simile—Magician like, he has drawn similies down from the heavens, and raised them as the Witch of Ender raised Samuel from the bowels of the earth. The author of the Law of Lombardy has written upon the same plan; it is a tragedy of *comparisons*, in which, tho' you are not told what any one thing *is*, you are informed of almost what every thing is *like*.

L Y R I C.

Well, fir, I can easily give such *varnish* to my comedy. Yet I shall try to blend my similies, and not tack them to my speeches as the doctor has tacked his, like so many *postscripts* or *nota bena's*.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Why, fir, you have this instant knocked off two similies in one breath. Here, fir, here is your comedy; it is in this drawer  
(*searching*)



*(searching for it.)* How the devil shall I discover which is his piece, as I never looked at the title? *(aside.)* Mr. Lyric, is not the title of your piece wrong spelled? I think there is a mistake in the orthography: a superfluous letter. How do you spell it, Mr. Lyric?

L Y R I C.

I call it the Intrigues of an Evening, and I spell Intrigues—I, N, T, R, I, G, U, E, S.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

I beg pardon, fir, my eye deceived me. I thought your Amanuensis had made a mistake by inserting an E too much. Here, fir, is the Intrigues of an Evening, and an excellent comedy the Intrigues of an Evening is, *(delivers the Comedy.)*

L Y R I C.

Sir, your humble, and devoted servant.—  
*(bows retiring.)*

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Your most obedient, good fir--- *(Exit Lyric*  
*—Brainsley rings a bell.)*

Thank heaven, I have got rid of that son of Parnassus! O that Pegasus would break the necks of scribblers when they attempt to mount him.

Enter

Enter S E R V A N T.

John---in future, I will be invisible to that melancholy gentleman. Let me never more be tormented by the bard with the sorrowful countenance.---(*Exit servant.*)

Enter H A R R A S S.

H A R R A S S.

Mrs. Brainsley has been entertaining me with several pretty compilations of music.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Let me tell you, she and all her family possess a most surprizing genius at *transposition*. I have known one of them to blend twenty songs together, English, Irish, Scotch, French and Italian: And yet their music has a most excellent flavor, like the *Olla podrida* of the Spaniards, which is composed of various materials, as fish, flesh, and vegetables. True, it may be called heterogeneous composition, but every thing monstrous being admirable---*ergo*, their music is admirable---ha, ha, ha. My wife has an excellent ear for adopting, and this metropolis being inhabited by persons from all nations, it is a manager's business, when he prepares an entertainment for the public, to provide dishes that will be relished by the taste of every country. Now as the most experienced adept  
in



in the culinary art could not furnish an ordinary, to please the palate of every nation; neither could the most musical genius furnish airs to delight such varitey of ears, from whence it follows that in Operas adapting should be preferred to composing---and, Ergo, my wife exceeds any composer, being exquisite at adapting. She adapted for the Duenna.

#### HARRASS.

I have two pieces now before me in that stile, which I shall send to you for perusal. The comedies *you* looked over I have returned, having first got them copied.

#### BRAINSLEY, Jun.

Our plan is to reject every piece that does not come strongly recommended by persons of interest who can *serve us*, or that is not written by those who can do us *an injury*. But, they must be all copied out, by which means we shall have variety of materials, as plots, characters, incidents, situations, bon mots, repartees, similies with many *et ceteras*, which we may select from our literary fund at leisure, for the purpose of compilation. Having now disposed of authors, and their productions, tell me what say the players of your house to our plan?

HARRASS.

HARRASS.

Say! They would rebel if they dare. No matter what they say, they can do nothing. We need only persevere, and they must comply, stroll, or starve. I am determined never to engage any performer who refuses your terms; and I expect you will reject every performer who refuses what I offer. But adieu, I must attend the rehearsal of the Touchstone, and may be late for the two cats, who open the drama.

BRAINSLEY, Jun.

And I must go to the Wonders of the Peak; Louthembourg has painted the Devil's *arfe* to admiration. It is an excellent scene, and I expect the novelty of the *thing* will fill the boxes.

HARRASS.

I expect as much, from the roughness of *my* cat's skin, and length of his tail; but if these should fail, I have an Irish watchman, with Pole in Hand, and he will do the business. Adieu, I will be with you at dinner.

(Exeunt.)

*End of Act the First.*



ACT SECOND.

SCENE. Mr. BRAINSLEY, Jun's. House.

Brainsley, Senior, Brainsley, Jun. Harrafs and  
Tickler, drinking.

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

I am for a general and exclusive monopoly;—I would have English managers like English ministers, make an effort for establishing arbitrary rule over the dominions of Great-Britain. I would have theatres like other *properties* reduced to dependence, both at home and abroad. This would establish order and decorum; a file of musketeers as in France, would effectually abolish the damned custom of groans and hissing. Heaven send we succeed in our attack upon Ireland; “It is a consumation devoutly to be wish’d.” If we could get the Irish theatres in our hands, they would prove a mine of profit.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

My father's right. Their genius like their coin should bear an English stamp.

D

TICKLER.

## T I C K L E R.

And I would tax their wit without their consent, as the majority would tax their property. There should be an embargo laid upon their understandings, as there was upon their beef. And their learning like their trade should be coerced for the benefit of the mother country.

## H A R R A S S.

From your conversation, gentlemen, a stranger would never imagine you were natives of Ireland.

## B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

You mistake me, I have no particular design against my own country. I am for establishing theatrical colonies, not only in Ireland, but in the East, and West-Indies.

## B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

I once attempted to procure an exclusive patent for Dublin, and got the approbation of some Irish members, *my pupils in oratory*. But the Nestor of the Stage, who has always stood up for what he terms the rights of the theatre, and liberty of performers, opposed, and overturned my scheme. He harrangued in the green-room, held forth in every company, and made interest with his friends. He was logical, and historical upon the  
sub-



subject; persuaded the players, and even convinced my *own pupils* that he was right. In short, he raised such clamor, and opposition against me, it had like to have caused another expulsion.

H A R R A S S.

Expulsion!—What is that? I do not understand your *hard* words.

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

You will see the word properly explained in my new English dictionary, for which, I am now soliciting and receiving subscriptions: and, which I am determined shall positively be published,—*some day*. I am surprized you do not study the English tongue, master Harrafs. My boy, now a member of the Irish house, and several other illustrious characters, were taught by me. My boy, was secretary at Denmark. Did you never read his history of the Danish revolution.

H A R R A S S.

Never, except one leaf, that was brought me under a pat of butter. But you forget the story of the expulsion.

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

I was manager in Dublin, at a time when court and country party ran high. Unfor-

tunately the tragedy of Mahomet was advertised; Digges played Alcanor, and as soon as he pronounced

“ Crush, crush, those vipers,  
 “ Who for a grasp of oar or paltry office,  
 “ Would sell their country to the foe,”

the house encored. Digges repeated the lines, the house encored again. I insisted he should not indulge them; the audience insisted he should; they grew vociferous, a riot ensued, and what do you think the audience did?

#### H A R R A S S.

Perhaps they demanded to have their money returned.

#### B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Ha, ha, ha—Why man they gutted the house, of all the scenery, machinery, and decorations. The mob then rushed in like a banditti, tore up the benches, and having collected all the materials of the theatre in the street, set them on fire. I fled the country, lived an exile in England five years, and on my return to Dublin, was obliged to ask public pardon on the stage in *propria personæ*, before I would be permitted to play. I see you are surprized, but it was a mercy I escaped so well. An Irish mob is composed of so many devils. When the late duke of Bedford



ford was lord lieutenant of Ireland, the mob swore the members of both houses, and would have hung my friend Rugaby, his Grace's secretary, if he had not made his escape into a baker's house, and hid himself in the oven.

*Enter* S E R V A N T.

S E R V A N T.

Gentlemen, tea is ready. (*Exit Servant.*)

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Who will join the ladie's with me?

H A R R A S S.

I will attend you. (*Exeunt. Harr. and Brainsley, Sen.*)

T I C K L E R.

Well, have you settled all preliminaries with Harrafs. I take him to be a damned *slippery* fellow.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Slippery! no wonder, he was bred a soap-boiler. But the fellow is useful to me in the play-line, by accepting bills in London, for the money I lost at Bath.

TICKLER.

T I C K L E R.

My dear friend, I begin heartily to repent forfeiting the commissioner of bankrupt's place; and have some notion to commence writer for the public prints.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Why man, that would not procure you bread. But what think you of a good pamphlet? It is true almost every subject has been exhaulted. Satire has lost her sting, and politics are become a mere drug. Yet if you can hit upon something *novel*, you may command my pen. I would offer you my purse too, my dear Tickler, but it is this instant in the very last stage of a consumption, and past all hopes of recovery.

T I C K L E R.

Suppose I was to write a speech for Burke? And call it "A Speech to be spoken on the address to his majesty."

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

You have struck a spark that kindles my imagination. I would write a compleat debate, and attempt to *anticipate* the arguments of the patriots. Such a performance would not only replenish your pockets, but bring you into favor with the *Premier*.

TICKLER.



T I C K L E R.

And call my pamphlet *Anticipation*.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Bravo, my friend! Here is success to *Anticipation*!

T I C K L E R.

I am surprized that you who want money, omit publishing your works. You might indulge the public, now the Theatres are united, and not only receive a price for your copy, but reserve the exhibitions of your own pieces to your own house.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

You must know I have read *Gil Blas de Santaline*, and *Monfieur La Sage*; the wise author of that excellent piece, says, "we should be cautious in deciding hastily upon a dramatic performance, and never judge from a stage representation, but distrust its beauties while in the mouths of the actors. We should suspend our judgments till we have read a piece; for the fact is, every production does not give the same pleasure, in the closet as on the stage." I am convinced this is a just observation, and therefore will not risque the criticisms of the study: To be candid I have paid as little regard to the laws of morality, as to the rules of Aristotle.

TICKLER.

TICKLER (*assuming a grave look.*)

Now I think morality the soul of comedy, and that deliberately to advance vice, by dressing her in pleasing colors, is as ill an action as any that comes before a court of justice.

BRAINSLEY, Jun.

Damn your sentiments!—fill your glass. I love a hypocrite, and when we consider that *assuming an appearance* of sanctity is attended with no expence, and may be exerted to the purpose of profit, I am surprized the world is so candid.

“ Here’s to the lass with a pair of blue eyes,” &c. (sings.)

Come I will be sentimental for *once in my life*. Stern is of opinion, that the man who has not a general regard for the whole female sex, will never have a particular love for any one woman: now, by Stern’s rule, no man can love his wife with more ardor than I love mine: for tho’ I give latitude to my pleasures, she is the north-star of my affections.

TICKLER.

And certainly, my dear friend, allowances must be made for the variation of the needle: but do not suspect me for sentiments. I will  
give



give you a toast to match your song. A *plagiary too*—you must excuse *that*—then I *quote* my author. “To it pell mell, let copulation thrice.” There is old Shakespear for you!

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

I perceive you imagine that I have been guilty of plagiary.

T I C K L E R.

Come, Brainsley, you are a fellow of candor, that scorns to let any thing lie upon your conscience, print these pieces of yours, and do not continue to abuse the esteem of the public.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

The esteem of the public, I disregard. My attachment is to their pockets:—I write for pounds, shillings, and pence. The public is a good milch-cow which easily parts with her store, so I will provide her with provender till she grows dry, and then she may be knocked in the head for aught I care.

T I C K L E R.

And you will lay in your provender from every other writer's stock.—Like a planet, you will shine with borrowed light. Your theatrical plan I think must insure you abuse

E

from

from all the authors in the three kingdoms. Your rejecting every piece offered, is an invasion upon the rights of the *literati* which *Genius* will not submit to: it will rouse all Parnassus to arms, and her sons will be shooting at you like so many porcupines; you will be quill wounded from every quarter, and in every quarter. The standing excuse, that there are already as many pieces for perusal, as would serve for two years exhibition, will be soon seen thro', when it appears you perform none,—but *family pieces*.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

What care I. When I have swept stakes, like other fortunate gamesters, I will laugh at hearing myself cursed by the loafers, and my character dissected by those who are ignorant of play.

*Enter Brainsley, Sen. and Harraffs.*

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Here, my boy Brainsley!—Here are letters from Ireland.

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Let me see:—O, they are from Heaphy.

(*reads.*)

“ Our hopes of superceding the Dublin  
 “ managers are all fled, tho' I have exerted  
 “ my utmost to bring that point to bear, and  
 “ several



“ several incidental circumstances have oc-  
 “ curred to accelerate his ruin. He has lost  
 “ above 1800l. by an engagement, the no-  
 “ bility made for him with *the* Sestini and  
 “ other Italians, who are a people the inha-  
 “ bitants of this country despise and hate.  
 “ Mrs. Abington’s enormous engagement of  
 “ five hundred pounds for twelve nights,  
 “ has been a cursed drawback upon his trea-  
 “ sury, tho’ Mrs. Barry’s success assisted in  
 “ reimbursing it. The people here will  
 “ certainly support him against any opposi-  
 “ tion, yet I have pursued our plan so far as  
 “ to draw off a considerable part of his  
 “ company, who in consequence of my en-  
 “ couragement have given him notice they  
 “ will not play the ensuing season without  
 “ an increase of salary. I have taken the  
 “ little theatre in Fishamble-street, which  
 “ holds about one hundred and forty pounds,  
 “ at twelve guineas per week, and and flat-  
 “ ter myself my proceedings will meet  
 “ your approbation. Your most devoted,  
 “ &c.”

· B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Damn his proceedings! He never wrote  
 this, the fellow’s education never went fur-  
 ther than teaching him to read a muster-roll.  
 I suspected the consequence of employing  
 an old ignorant trooper. I will be cursed

but he has wheel'd about to the right, played the old soldier, and sold the pass. I now see the fellow had nothing in view but to serve himself.

H A R R A S S.

So, we are to have no revenge upon the Dublin manager, for pirating our Duenna, and all the costs of our equity suit.

T I C K L E R.

May I inquire how you intended to support a theatrical campaign in Dublin?

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Just as they support campaigns in America,—by drafts. The performers in Dublin were to have been discarded, men, women, and children. The theatre to be supplied by detachments from London, and now and then I would have popped over myself to give them Essex, Lord Townley, and Sir Charles Easy.

T I C K L E R.

You mean *Father* Townley, and Sir Charles *Stiff*. (*aside.*)

H A R R A S S.

We intend to have made all the capital performers play there in turn,

TICKLER.



T I C K L E R.

*But*, would your capital performers have agreed to this?

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Those who refused should have had no agreement. There should have been a clause in their articles, obliging them to play in Ireland when called upon, which would have kept up a change of performers between the two kingdoms.

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

And would with the assistance of *my Art of speaking*, and *Essay on Elocution*, have tended much to the improvement of the English language in that country.

*Enter* S E R V A N T.

S E R V A N T.

Sir, two men, who by their seedy apparel, I take to be authors, desire to speak with You. Bless me, sir, here they are!

*Enter* Two B A I L I F F S.

B A I L I F F.

Sir, please your honor, I have a small sum: for a trifle,—only three hundred.

TICKLER.

T I C K L E R.

It is time for me to begin *Anticipation*. Brainsley, I perceive you are on private business!---Adieu. (*Exit Tickler.*)

B A I L I F F.

Do not be alarmed, fir, do you see, the under Sheriff is a very honest *ge'man*. But, I will leave you to consider, *ge'men*, and attend the Sheriff's clerk, who is making out a schedule of the defendant's goods and chattels.---(*Exit Bailiff.*)

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Dear Harrafs, what is to be done? Extricate me from this scrape, and I will renounce cards and dice as long as I live.

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Your generous spirit, my boy, will ruin you. While you *have you loose!* What think you of a masquerade at the Hay-market?

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun.

Casual, casual.---The *profits* are casual. But then, to be sure we can have credit for the necessaries. You can accept, my friend. (*to Harrafs.*)

BRAINSLEY,



( 31 )

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

I have it my boy, I have it! We must coin, lads; we must coin!

B R A I N S L E Y, Jun. & H A R R A S S.

Coin!

B R A I N S L E Y, Sen.

Ay coin! Coin three hundred silver tickets at fifty guineas each, for six years admision to both theatres. It will produce a good round sum; it was a frequent resource of mine when I was manager in Dublin.

H A R R A S S.

But Dulcet may raise objections; for as the house is his *security*, every sum of money to which it may be liable, will lesson that: Never fear Dulcet. Come, let us retire, and draw up an advertisement for the sale of the tickets. (*Exeunt.*)

F I N I S.

( 31 )

BRANISLEY, JES & HARASS

I have a new boy, I have it! We must  
bring it up, we must coin!

BRANISLEY, JES & HARASS

Coin!

BRANISLEY, JES & HARASS

At coin! Coin three hundred silver in  
at fifty guineas each, for six years admission  
to both theatres. It will produce a good  
round sum; it was a frequent resource of  
mine when I was manager in Dublin.

BRANISLEY, JES & HARASS

But Dublin may have objections; for as  
the house is new, every thing of money  
to which it is applied will be on rent;  
Never fear, I will be active, and  
draw up an advertisement for the sale of the  
tickets.



THE W I S



